

THE LIGUORIAN



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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XIV.

OCTOBER, 1926

No. 10

Fear Not

Life's young day is full of flowers—
Shining hours.

Like the balmy days of spring,
Through the trees the breezes sing—
Whispering.

All is gladness. All is fair—
Building castles in the air,
While the shadows ebb and flow
To and fro.

Soon the swiftly passing years
Bring the tears.
While above the sun shines bright
Clouds will hide us from the sight
Of its light.

'Mid the darkness and the woe
Stumbling up the hill we go—
Faint and weary with the strain,
And the pain.

Darkest sorrows pass away
With the day.
What is past shall come no more
Light is brighter than before
On the shore.
Faithful be and God shall bless
All the tears and bitterness.
Raise thine eyes to Heaven above—
He is Love.

Soon the eventide shall fall—
Shadows call.
Youth and manhood swiftly fled.
Sunset bathes the graying head.
Day is dead.
Now the gentle shades of night
Call thee homeward to the light.
And the weary strife is o'er
Ever more.

Brother Reginald, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

ABOUT MEXICO

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

"Good boy, Dennis!" cried Father Timothy Casey as that young man swung up the steps. "I knew you would not fail me."

"My kid brother said you wished to see me. And here I am."

"It is regarding the poor persecuted Catholics in Mexico, Dennis. I want you, if you can spare the time, to drive me out tomorrow night to get signatures for the petition to our senators."

"Father Tim, what's wrong with those doggone Mexicans—twelve or fourteen millions of them, letting a handful of blackguards ride them like that?"

"Vox populi, son—popular government—the language of democracy, as she is spoke in Mexico."

"Popular bunk! Is that popular government where the elected representatives enforce laws violating the dearest and most sacred rights of ninety per cent of the population? What's hypnotized those Greasers? Why do they submit? Are they all asleep?"

"Are *you* asleep, Dennis? Haven't you had more than one lesson in popular government right here at home? An unscrupulous and well organized clique can put into public office men who will throw off the mask and legislate directly against the wishes of the people they misrepresent. If that can sometimes be done in this progressive country, what do you expect of poor Mexico, with its revolutions, its militaristic terrorism, and its millions of Indians or part Indians who have not yet learned to cope with crafty politicians? Then add the powerful influence brought to bear upon the situation by outsiders like the Russian Bolsheviks and the anti-Catholic organizations in the United States. Now that this gang have got their hands on the reins and their fingers in the pie, do you think they are going to allow themselves to be ousted so easily, even if they must frighten the voters or stuff the ballot box?"

"If the Mexican people are not allowed to use their rights as citizens and vote them out, why don't they use their rights as men and shoot them out? Why submit like cowards—"

"Hold, Dennis! If you know anything at all about the Mexicans, you know they are not cowards."

"Then, why don't they fight? They claim to be such good Catholics, and here they lie down and let an anti-Catholic bunch walk all over them."

"They don't fight, precisely because they are good Catholics. They listen to the voice of their priests and bishops who urge them to love their enemies, to do good to those that hate them, to abstain from violence and appeal to God for help."

"You can be a good Catholic and still fight for your rights. You have to forgive your enemy, but that doesn't mean that you must let him walk away with your bank roll. Whoever violates your strict right, is an unjust aggressor. If there is no other way of preventing his aggression, you are allowed to fight him. At least, that is what our philosophy professor told us."

"Yes," replied the priest, "strictly speaking, that is allowed, provided you carry on the fight without any bitterness or rancor in your heart, without any ill will toward your enemy or desire of revenge, without any gloating over his discomfiture, and with the sole aim of securing your strict rights and nothing more. But how few there are who hold to these conditions after starting a fight, even in the holiest cause. They are generally carried away by passion and end by offending the good God instead of promoting His glory. How much better, then, to do what Jesus counsels, though he does not command it? If a man strikes you on one cheek, turn to him the other also. How much more perfect for the persecuted Mexicans to abstain from violent opposition and the sins that invariably accompany it, and to seek redress from God through prayer, penance, and virtuous conduct."

"Since He doesn't want them to fight for themselves, why doesn't God fight for them?"

"Take care, Dennis. To question God's wisdom is blasphemy."

"Oh, Father, you know I don't mean it in that sense. I am simply stating a difficulty—a difficulty which has occurred to my mind, and which I have frequently heard expressed by others. God could, in one instant, force these rascals to desist from persecuting His Church."

"He could, of course, if He wished. But He has, in His love for men, given them a free will, and He respects that free will even when it is abused to outrage Him."

"He could kill them all for their impiety, as they well deserve. That would be no violation of their free will."

"He could have killed you the last time you committed a mortal sin. Every mortal sin is open rebellion, a deadly offense against Him. Do you know why He did not do so?"

"I suppose because, as you so often say in your sermons, He desires not the death of the sinner, but that he turn from his way and live."

"Well said!" replied the priest.

"Slim chance of converting these hounds who rob and exile the good sisters who cared for them and their children. I know God is merciful, but there are limits beyond which even the mercy of God cannot go, for He is just as well as merciful. I have heard of cases where God struck down hardened sinners. Even the Bible gives instances to the point."

"That is true," Father Casey admitted. "But remember, these are extreme cases where His solicitude for the many forced Him into severity toward the few."

"Surely this Mexican persecution is an extreme case. The triumph of a few rascals will mean the loss of faith for millions."

"Not necessarily, Dennis. Persecution often helps the faith instead of hurting it."

"I cannot understand that."

"Neither can I," returned the priest, "because neither you nor I can understand the mystery of suffering. Still the fact remains, even though we cannot understand it. You have never known a worth-while man or a worth-while woman who has not passed through the fire of suffering. No Christian can fit himself for heaven except through suffering. God says that it was necessary for even Christ to suffer and so to enter upon His glory. The faith is never solidly and permanently established in any country except through suffering. Why, for instance, is the faith so strong and virile in Ireland? Because, buffeted by the storms of persecution for nearly four hundred years, it has struck deep root into the hearts of the people. Why, on the other hand, are Catholics in some countries so lukewarm and indifferent? Because they have not been sufficiently tried and purified by persecution. If the Catholics of England and Germany had been prepared by a fierce anti-Catholic persecution, they never would have followed Henry and Luther into apostasy. Who knows? The present persecution in Mexico may be the means of preserving that nation to the faith. A certain bigoted class of Protestants in this country have long been itching to

'enlighten' the Mexicans and lift them out of their 'Catholic superstitions.' The Mexican who was getting up in the world, thanks to a government job or a position in the employ of an American capitalist, affected modern manners and modern styles. Here was the opportunity for a sleek and well-fed Protestant proselytizer to suggest that his improved position in society demanded a modern religion as well. Protestant missionary societies were pouring money and men into Mexico. A real danger of apostasy existed. The persecution has swept away that danger. Even the most fanatical Protestant proselytizer would think twice today before he would approach a Mexican Catholic and say: 'Give up your Catholic religion. It is nothing but superstition.'

"I'll say he would think twice," cried Dennis. "And after thinking twice, he would decide not to say it at all."

"There you see the effects of persecution. It often makes indifferent or even bad Catholics good. And as for those who are so stubborn or so depraved that they will not reform, persecution cuts them off, just as the pruning knife cuts off the diseased branches and leaves the vine healthy and fruitful."

"But," said Dennis, "what an immense loss the Church sustains from a financial standpoint. The persecutors seize schools, colleges, asylums, monasteries, and convents, under pretext of helping the poor—though precious little of the proceeds ever get loose from their sticky fingers and into the pockets of the poor. Fifty, a hundred years of sacrifice will scarcely recoup the losses sustained in this wholesale robbery."

"Even that is not always an unmixed evil. Good people labor, as indeed they should, to build churches and schools and asylums and convents, and to furnish and beautify them and make provision for their permanent support. But even good people are human; they are prone to forget that God stands in need of no human beings, of no human means. They begin to take a human pride in their achievements, to depend too much on human prudence and too little on Divine Providence for the success of their pious undertakings. That is bad. Then comes a purifying persecution. The slow and painstaking work of centuries is swept away in a moment. They must begin all over again. Humbled and chastened, they must make almost superhuman sacrifices to carry on even a small part of the pious undertakings that had formerly flourished. And even this small part will be in a position so precarious

as to force them to throw themselves upon Divine Providence every day for the means necessary for that day. What is the result? These generous sacrifices and this blind trust in Divine Providence begets a generation of Catholics heroic in courage and saintly in conduct. The Church emerges from the persecution more pure, more vigorous and virile than before. In the first centuries the blood of martyrs was the seed of Christians just as today the sufferings of Catholics is the up-building of the Church."

"Persecution against the Church is rather an old story, isn't it, Father?"

"It began when the Church began, and it will last as long as the Church lasts. We have that on the word of Jesus Christ Himself. 'If you had been of the world,' He said, 'the world would love its own, but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. * * * The servant is not greater than his master. If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you, * * * yea, the hour cometh that, whosoever killeth you, will think he doth a service to God; * * * in the world you will have distress, but have confidence, I have overcome the world.' He has never said to His followers: 'You are blessed when the world smiles upon you and appreciates and praises your good deeds, when you are free from suffering and have all your heart desires.' But He has said: 'Blessed are you when men shall revile and persecute you and say all things evil against you untruly for My sake, be glad and rejoice. * * * Blessed are they that mourn. * * * Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice' sake.' Thus does Christ speak to the Christian. The word, Christian, you know, means a follower of Christ, an imitator of Christ. Christ was persecuted from His birth in the stable till His death on the cross. His follower, His imitator, can attain no higher glory, can bear no surer mark of future blessedness, than persecution."

Dennis was beginning to fidget.

"About that proposition of driving you tomorrow night," he said. "I'm afraid I can't do it. I—er—we were planning a little dance."

"Dennis, the man that cannot sacrifice his pleasure to aid his suffering brethren, has hardly the grit to sacrifice his life in testimony of the faith," said Father Casey.

Matt Talbot

IN A DUBLIN LUMBER YARD

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

"On Trinity Sunday, June 7, 1925, at about nine-thirty A. M., a man was seen to fall in Granby Lane, on his way to St. Saviour's Church, Dominick Street (Dublin). On being taken to Jarvis Street Hospital, he was found to be dead and was laid in the Mortuary, where shortly afterwards one of the Sisters of Mercy came with a nurse to lay out the body. On removing the clothes, she found a cart chain tied twice around the body and hung with religious medals; around one arm was a lighter chain, around the other arm the cord of St. Francis; around one leg a chain similar to that around the arm; and around the other leg a rope was tied tightly. The body was scrupulously clean though the chains were rusty and had sunk into the skin."

Thus opens a little pamphlet recently published by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. It is a very interesting story of a laborer of this twentieth century of ours that has often been called the age of materialism.

Who was this man? The Sisters in charge of the Hospital at first had some difficulty in finding out anything about him. Neither the Fathers at the near-by Jesuit Church nor those at the Franciscan Church knew him by name or could recall him.

But little by little the life story of this strange man came to be known and brought forth from its hiddenness to the light.

THE UNPROMISING YOUTH

The man's name was Matt Talbot. A sister of his and friends who had known him for over thirty years supplied the details of his story. Matt Talbot was born in 1857 of working people in Dublin. He was sent to the Christian Brothers' School but left at an early age to go to work.

As he grew up he became somewhat addicted to drink and spent his money at the public house instead of bringing it home. His mother even tells that he sometimes sold the shoes off his feet for drink and came home in his stockings.

This continued until he was 25, a man, when, one Saturday night, he suddenly announced to his mother that he was going to take the

pledge. No doubt it wrung a sad smile from her; at any rate, she put little stock in his pledge, but wished him "Godspeed" and the grace to keep his word.

Matt really went up to Clanliffe College, where he saw Rev. Dr. Keane. The pledge was administered for three months. The young man intended to break it after that, he told his mother. At the end of three months, however, he had changed his mind. He renewed the pledge for a year, and then for life.

And then Matt Talbot began a new life, in which, working in the lumber yards of Dublin, at a salary of from fifteen to eighteen shillings a week, he persevered for over forty years.

How did he do it? "It was God who did it all. I have no credit for any of it." That is how Matt Talbot explained it. We know no more about it.

MATT TALBOT'S LIBRARY

Before we give an idea of Matt Talbot's new life we must glance at the books he was wont to read from this time forth. We must remember that, owing to lack of opportunity for education, he had barely learned to read and write at school. Recognizing this defect, he never took up a book without a prayer to the Holy Ghost to enable him to understand what he read and to derive profit from it.

When we speak of his library we must not think of well-ordered shelves. It consisted of a trunk, filled to the top with books. They were all what we call "Spiritual Books," that is, dealing with the lives of Our Lord, Our Lady and the Saints and of holy living in general.

There was Butler's "Lives of The Saints," a book that he read so carefully that he could remember the particulars of their lives and could give the dates of their birth, death, canonization, etc., correctly. There were also many individual lives of the Saints.

There were Cardinal Newman's Historical works. He prized especially two books on Our Blessed Lady: De Montfort's "History of True Devotion to Our Blessed Mother," and "The Mystical City of God," a life of the Blessed Virgin by Sister Mary of Agreda.

Then there were a number of books on Our Lord, like "The Suffering of Our Lord Jesus Christ," by Father Thomas of Jesus; "Our Divine Saviour," by Bishop Hedley; "The School of Christ," by Father Grace, S. J.; "Christ Among Men," by Abbé Sertillange; "All for Jesus," by Father Faber, and many others.

Among books dealing with the spiritual life, he had to name only a few: "Spiritual Conferences," by Father Faber; "Spiritual Instruction," by Venerable Louis of Blois; "Manual for Interior Souls," by Father Grace, S. J.; "Introduction to a Devout Life," by St. Francis De Sales, and "The Science of the Soul."

There were four small books, whose well-worn interior showed that he used them every day. They were prayer books.

In these he found the principles and the methods of holy living and saw their exemplification in the lives of the Saints of God. Is it a wonder, then, that amid such daily companionship, he gradually grew to be like the Saints?

THE NEW LIFE

Matt Talbot, we said, worked in a lumber yard with other men. He lived in a rented room like other men, but his life ran in deeper channels.

He rose at two A. M. From two to four A. M. he prayed on his knees with outstretched arms. At four, he dressed and then resumed his devotions until it was time to go to Mass. At the near-by Jesuit Church, Mass was offered at five o'clock, but later not before six-fifteen. At five Matt Talbot was always at the church. If the door was not opened he knelt on the stones outside; as soon as the doors were opened, he knelt on the threshold of the church and kissed the floor, then went directly to the high altar. He made the Way of the Cross before Mass on his knees. He received Holy Communion during Mass and did not remain long after Mass, but returned to his little room, heated the cocoa and ate some bread. Then he left for his work in the lumber yard. While in church he knelt upright and never raised his eyes. There was nothing in his conduct to attract attention except his extraordinary recollection.

"During dinner hour he did not go home. While he was in good health he brought no lunch with him, although later on, when his health began to fail, he would bring a slice of bread in his pocket. While the others ate, he retired to a small shed and spent his time in prayer.

On leaving work at five-thirty P. M. he returned to his room where his sister had his meal ready for him. On entering his room, he took off his coat, kissed the crucifix, and ate his meal on his knees. When he had finished, his sister tidied up the room and left him alone. Matt spent the time till ten-thirty P. M. on his knees in prayer. At ten-thirty

he retired to his bed. Bed? For fourteen years his bed was made of planks, covered with a sheet to hide it, with a wooden block for a pillow."

MATT TALBOT THE WORKMAN

Matt Talbot's foreman, who knew him for thirty years, declared that he was never late for his work. He always worked hard, putting his best effort into it.

In fact, his attitude toward employers and fellow-workmen was characterized by strict justice. We are told that he sympathized with all workers in their efforts to improve their positions in life and could speak strongly on the question of the duties and the rights of employers and workmen.

"When labor troubles arose and the workers took council as to their procedure, he did not take part in the discussions but did what was agreed upon by the majority of workers."

He never allowed vile or unseemly language to go unrebuked. If any of the men present were such as did not use bad language themselves but laughed at the others, he would, after the day's work was over, call such a one aside and point out that, while he could not avoid hearing what was said, he should not have laughed at it.

This conduct of Matt's at first brought him some ridicule; but it was not long before all recognized his strong character and absolute sincerity and all use of bad language ceased completely in the yard where he worked.

After the men with whom he worked had gotten to know him well, Matt would utilize the slack minutes of the day when there was no work to do, to speak of the incidents from the lives of the Saints he had read. He interested them by these stories and in his conversation about holy things because he spoke quite simply and without the least self-consciousness. It was clear to all that God was always in his mind and he had naturally to speak of Him.

MATT TALBOT THE ASCETIC

Strangest in this age of ours is the life of austerity which he led. There is hardly a parallel for it except in the old Irish Saints who were known for their rigor.

His weekly menu was extremely simple and at the same time explains how with his meager wages he could accomplish so much; pay

his rent, buy his clothes, support his mother, and give substantial sums to various charities!

His fasts were rigorous and almost continual. Ordinarily on Sunday he took but one meal. Having spent the whole morning in church assisting at all Masses up to the last which terminated with Benediction at two P. M., he ate what was usually his only meal of the day. On Monday he partook of dry bread and black tea; on Tuesday he took bread and butter at breakfast and a little meat at his evening meal. He never ate a noonday meal. On Wednesday he took no meat. On Saturday he fasted on dry bread and black tea in honor of Our Lady. Lent and the month of June were seasons of strict fast on dry bread and black tea.

His bed, as we have remarked above, was a plank with a block of wood for a pillow. On this he slept for three and one-half hours. Some twelve or fourteen years before his death he found a copy of Blessed De Montfort's "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin." From it he got the idea to wear the chains which were found on his body after his death, as a mark of his service of Our Blessed Lady.

He had a great devotion to the Saints who were noted for their penances and austerities. In a word, he never seems to have granted his body any ease at all, but withal he was always good-humored.

MATT'S CHARITIES

On the other hand, he was the soul of kindness and charity. While his mother lived, he supported her out of his scanty wages and had something left for the poor. He lived on from six to ten shillings a week, including rent and maintenance, the rest of his wages he gave away. The foreign missions appealed to him strongly and much of his money went to the support of missionaries. In fact, he gave as much as fifteen dollars a year.

DEATH

On May 11, 1923 he had to give up work and go to a hospital. On his discharge in August, he tried to resume work but broke down again and was unable to work till April 16, 1925. Some of the time he had to spend in a hospital. This was a period of great want and privation. He received only seven shillings and sixpence a week from the Disablement Benefit and this had to pay for lodging, food, clothing, fire and light.

In April, 1925, Matt thought he could resume work. He could

stand the idleness no longer—though his idleness was spent in prayer. But on Trinity Sunday, June 7th, on his way to church, he dropped dead. He was in his 68th year.

Thus ended a hidden life of holiness. This age has given us the Little Flower and Matt Talbot. The sanctity of the former has been declared by the Church; the sanctity of Matt Talbot is a matter still to be investigated. But between the two lives, despite external differences, there is an underlying similarity; absolute simplicity characterized both. One in the convent—the other in the world—one, a woman and contemplative; the other, a man amid Dublin's lumber yards—but both, intense lovers of God, who speak of Him naturally and freely.

APPRECIATING OUR ATTITUDE

Senator A. O. Stanley (Protestant) of Kentucky, in a speech before the C. T. A. U. of Washington, endeavored to appreciate the Catholic position on temperance, and made the following remarks:

"The Catholic Church, thoroughly understanding the evils of intemperance, has from time immemorial attempted to make free men temperate by making them wise, by impressing the folly of weak indulgence, by appealing to the conscience and by strengthening the will, by impressing the responsibility of man to his God and to himself. Whenever men are taught to realize the evils of intemperance, I am optimistic enough to believe that the refining influence of a higher civilization and a broader culture and the beneficent precepts of religion will, in God's own time, lead to the eradication of this evil and solve these problems which have vexed mankind and baffled the ingenuity of ages.

"The high purpose of this organization in appealing to men's reason rather than to their cupidity or to their fears must and in my humble opinion will receive the commendation of all right-thinking men and women without regard to their political or ecclesiastical affiliations....

"Escape temptation, we cannot; resist it, we must or perish. No human power or foresight can escape this inexorable condition.

"From the dawn of time we have been beset by temptations to intemperance and ill-temper, to untruth, to uncleanness. Now as in Eden we face the inevitable choice between good and evil, and upon it hangs the felicity of the soul, the happiness of families and communities and the fate of nations."

The Maid of Orleans

XXX. THE RELAPSED SORCERESS

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

Joan's joy was momentary. Once more she found herself in the same dingy cell—once more the heavy chains were placed on her—once more the ruffianly guards surrounded her day and night. Cauchon had not kept faith. Nevertheless she donned female attire at once and permitted her hair to be cut off, thinking that by keeping her part of the agreement she might at least be brought to a church prison with milder treatment.

No one was allowed to visit her. The English soldiers who guarded her, drove away anyone who might venture near her cell. Warwick was determined to secure the Maid's execution as soon as possible, for the English army was eager to begin a new campaign against the French King. For this reason he ordered Joan's male attire to be kept near her, so that she might resume it at any time; he gave the jailers permission to insult and strike her in order to force her to do so. But Joan remained true to her word. Thus she passed Friday and Saturday, May 25 and 26. On Sunday, she expected, now that she had put on women's clothes, to be allowed to hear Mass and receive Communion as she had been promised. She woke with joy at the very thought. But her female attire was gone. Only the soldier garb she had worn was at her bedside. Her guards stood over her.

"Get up!" they shouted.

"Why, sirs," answered the Maid, "you know well that I am forbidden to use this garb. I shall not take it." But they refused to give her her female dress. Joan remained all morning on her straw pallet. But toward noon she had to rise, and under protest, put on the male garb. On her return to her cell, she asked again for her dress. It was refused.

At that moment several of Cauchon's men appeared on the scene and were going to report the matter officially. One of them, however, seemed to have some conscience left.

"It is not enough," he said, "to ascertain the fact. We must learn what motive led the Maid to resume male garb."

When the guards heard this, realizing that Joan would protest that

she had been forced to do it, they set upon the men and drove them off. But they saw that they must in some way get Joan to take the male attire of her own accord. With Warwick's connivance they formed a most dastardly plot. They knew that the modest Maid had donned soldier's dress in the first place to preserve her virtue from danger amid the rude soldiery. They need but show her, they concluded, that her miserable cell was just as dangerous as the camp and they might succeed in getting her to put on the soldier's garb again. Warwick himself, or some English lord carried out the plan. He went to the Maid at night, chained as she was to her bed, molested her and threatened to assault her—in a word, gave her clearly to understand that she was not safe from danger even in her confinement. After that terrible night Joan once more put on her soldier's garb.

When Isambard de la Pierre, the good Dominican who was now allowed her as confessor, came to see her on Monday morning, he found her dressed as a soldier, her face wet with tears, her hair dishevelled, looking as though she had gone through a fierce struggle. She told him what she had undergone that night.

Cauchon also came early. This was what he wanted. Her resumption of male attire was trumpeted about as a sign that she had fallen back into her old errors. The Bishop questioned Joan as if surprised: "How is this? You swore you would not resume male attire."

"I did it for no reason except to defend my virtue," replied Joan.

"Do you then revoke your abjuration?" asked Cauchon.

"I never made an abjuration," answered she, bravely. "I do not know what was in the document I was forced to sign, and I recalled nothing except in as far as it pleased God."

"There is nothing for us to do," the Bishop remarked turning to the officials he had brought with him as witnesses, "except to retire and proceed according to law and justice." At the portal of the prison he met Warwick and a party of Englishmen.

"Very good, very good," said Cauchon, laughing aloud; "it's over now; you can be glad."

On Tuesday, May 29, the court met under Cauchon's presidency. Cauchon himself resumed the case and concluded:

"Joan, inspired by the evil spirit, has once more declared in the presence of us and several others, that her Voices and the spirits that appeared to her have come to her again, and laying aside female attire,

she has once more resumed men's garb." He demanded her condemnation.

Some declared that she should be given a chance to explain herself. Cauchon refused. He at once drew up an order fixing the morrow, May 30, for the final act of the tragedy.

Could anything be more sordid than this travesty of justice?

XXXI. JOAN'S LAST DAY

Joan's last day had come. That morning, May 30, 1431, two Dominicans, Jean Toutmouille and Martin Ladvenu, were sent to her. Joan at once must have guessed, even if Friar Martin had not told her solemnly, that she must prepare for death. She at once made her confession calmly and devoutly. Then, however, she unburdened her soul to the two sympathetic listeners, telling them of her fear of the flames and of all that she had been made to suffer during the long months of her imprisonment.

Even while she spoke, Cauchon came into her cell. Why? It is not known. Possibly it was only to assure himself that his victim had not escaped his hands. As soon as Joan perceived him, her tears ceased.

"Bishop," she said, turning to him, "I die by you."

"Tut, Joan," replied Cauchon cold-bloodedly, "bear all patiently. You die because you have not kept your promises to us and because you returned to your former evils."

"Ah," answered the girl, "if you had put me in the prisons of the ecclesiastical court, where I would have had decent and becoming guardians, this would not have happened. This is why I call you to account before God."

Seeing that Joan had grown calm again, Cauchon made a last effort, by captious questioning, to get her to lie about her Voices. The Maid replied to some of his interrogations, but finally showed her impatience at being troubled thus even during her last moments of life. The Bishop departed.

Among Cauchon's attendants was one Pierre Morice, who had shown himself recently more or less friendly to the girl. As he turned to leave her cell Joan addressed him:

"Master Morice, where will I be tonight?"

"Have you no hope in God?" asked he.

"Ah, yes," the Maid responded quickly, "and with the help of God, tonight I shall be in paradise."

Her tormentors were now gone. She knew not at what moment her jailers would come. She had but one desire—to receive Holy Communion. During the whole of her six months of imprisonment, this consolation, for which she, who had been accustomed to receive almost daily, longed so ardently, had been denied her. Would they refuse her request, now that she was about to die?

It all depended on Cauchon, her implacable enemy. Friar Martin sent someone to the Bishop with the request. He had little hope of a favorable answer; for, if she was condemned as a relapsed and impenitent heretic—and this was the charge against her—she could not receive. Strange to say, however, the Bishop replied at once:

"Yes, tell Friar Martin that she may have Communion and whatever else she may want." Apparently there was a spark of humanity and conscience left in him.

Naturally Joan was overjoyed at the news. Once more she made her confession. Friar Martin sent a priest to get the Blessed Sacrament. A crowd gathered at once and served as a guard of honor for the Blessed Sacrament. On the way they recited the litany aloud, answering at each invocation:

"Pray for her."

Tears of devotion streamed down Joan's cheeks as she saw her desire at length realized. She could hardly contain herself. She poured forth her soul in tender and touching prayers that brought tears to the eyes of the rough men around her—even to those of Loyseleur, the traitor, who was witness of this affecting scene.

But time fled. The jailers appeared. Joan retired to doff her soldier's garb and put on a long white dress. As she descended to the courtyard of the prison, she was met by a troop of twenty soldiers. She was made to get into a cart that was in readiness. As they were about to drive off with their victim, Loyseleur, the traitor, rushed forward and clutched at Joan's dress.

"Forgive me," he cried.

Before Joan could utter the forgiveness she bore in her heart, the soldiers pushed the miserable man away and would have mistreated him had not Warwick shielded him from them.

As the cart rolled on to the scene of her martyrdom, Joan prayed. In the old market place of Rouen the troop came to a halt. A great crowd had already assembled and filled the square. On one side, on a

raised platform, sat the judges; near by was an improvised pulpit for the preacher; farther off a large platform had been built of masonry, so high that it had to be reached by several steps; in the center of this platform a pillar rose. This was to be Joan's scaffold. Around it fagots and wood had been piled high. Facing the scaffold a big sign was posted. It read:

"Joan, who affected the title of Maid, a liar, abuser of the people, sorceress, superstitious, blasphemer of God, presumptuous, disbeliever of the faith of Christ, idolater, cruel, dissolute, invoker of demons, schismatic and heretic."

All the animosity of the English, in fact, was poured out in the inscription. A troop of 800 English soldiers, armed to the teeth, were present to prevent any disturbance.

Nicholas Midi had been chosen as preacher for the occasion. He repeated the whole sickening array of calumnies that had been uttered against Joan during the trial and exhorted her to repent. In conclusion he said:

"Joan, go in peace. The Church cannot defend you; it hands you over to the secular power."

Cauchon then resumed, in his own manner, the whole iniquitous trial and read her sentence, terminating with these words:

"For these reasons, declaring that you have fallen back into your old errors and into the sentence of excommunication which you had incurred, we decree that you are a relapsed heretic. By this sentence, seated at this tribunal, we declare that, like a corrupted member and that you may not taint other members, you must be rejected from the unity of the Church, cut off from her body, abandoned to the secular power, as we do now actually reject, cut off, and abandon you; begging this same secular power to temper its judgment in your regard. And if you give signs of true contrition, that the Sacrament of Penance be administered to you."

These last lines reveal the hypocrisy of the whole proceeding. He had already allowed her confession and communion.

By this time the English soldiery grew restive. But usage gave the victim a right to speak. Joan, who had all through this ordeal preserved her calm, now knelt and prayed aloud. She protested her faith and asked God to pardon the faults she might have committed during her life. Her voice, sweet and strong, could be heard easily in the hush

that fell upon the throng. She begged pardon of all present for any offense she might have given and asked the prayers of all.

Finally the brave girl asked for a crucifix as a last consolation, saying that as Jesus died on a Cross for her, it would be easier to face death while gazing on Him. There was none in the crowd. A friendly soul went to a near-by church to get one. Meanwhile a soldier picked up two sticks, fastened them together and handed this improvised cross to Joan. She kissed it tenderly and stuck it in her girdle to rest over her heart.

The English soldiers again showed their impatience to see the tragedy ended.

"Say, priest," they shouted, "will you keep us here till dinner?"

Sentence of death had still to be pronounced by the civil authorities. The Governor of Rouen started the usual procedure, but suddenly Warwick's voice was heard in rude command:

"Fellows, do your duty."

Two soldiers seized the Maid. Placing on her head a cap on which were inscribed the words, "Heretic, Relapsed, Apostate, Idolater," they pushed her toward the pile of stone on which she was to die. She ascended the steps freely and was chained to the pillar. Joan now stood high above the surging crowd.

"No, no," she said aloud, "I am not a heretic nor a schismatic, as they say; I am a good Christian." Then, seeing Friar Isambard, her friend, with the crucifix, she said:

"I beg you, when the fire is lit, keep the cross of my Jesus before my eyes and continue to show it to me. I declare once more, my Voices were of God and by His will did I do whatever I have done of good. No, no, my Voices did not deceive me; they truly came from heaven."

The fagots that were heaped around the stone pile on which she was to suffer death were now set afire. Friar Isambard, regardless of the danger, tried to keep the crucifix before the girl's eyes. Joan, forgetful of herself, cried:

"Watch out for the flames! Get down—but keep the cross raised so that I can see it till I die."

As the heat parched her and the smoke choked her, still she repeated aloud the sweet name of "Jesus, Jesus." In this was her strength. One last cry, loud and strong, rang out from the flames and the smoke, and then all was still save for the crackling of the fire and the weeping of the crowd.

An English soldier, who had often witnessed Joan's victorious power on the field of battle, had sworn that he would throw wood on the fire that would burn her. He gathered up an armful of dry branches and was about to hurl them into the flames, when Joan pronounced the name of Jesus for the last time. Struck with awe, he halted and looked up. The wood dropped from his hands—he paled—and fell in a faint. When he had been brought to a near-by dwelling and restored, he declared that at that moment he had seen a white dove rise from the midst of the flames and fly toward heaven.

"I wish my soul," said one of the bystanders, "were where I believe the soul of this girl is now!" And an Englishman, a secretary of the English King, who had witnessed this awful scene, declared:

"She died a faithful Christian. I believe her soul is in the hands of God, and I believe those damned who adhere to her condemnation."

The crowd, departing from the dreadful square, spoke of the virtues of the noble Maid. When the remains were removed from the pile, the heart of the Maid, according to eye-witnesses, was found untouched amid the smouldering ashes.

"What shall we do with the ashes—what with the heart?" they asked the authorities.

"Throw everything into the River Seine," replied the English Cardinal Beaufort.

It was toward sundown when the executioners, escorted by a band of English soldiers, carried the remains of Joan down to the river.

The English celebrated a triumph. Cauchon had delivered the price of his Archbishopric. Warwick had his cruel revenge. But the victory belongs to Joan.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Is it fair always to forget all the good or kindness shown us by those with whom we live, for the sake of one little pain they may have caused us, and, which most likely, was quite unintentional on their part?

Wealth adds to the wisdom of the wise—and to the folly of the fool.

Don't think that an apology always wipes out an offense.

The Student Abroad

LOOKING BACK

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

It is said that first impressions are lasting. Waiving the truth of the saying, side-stepping a philosophical inquiry regarding the full content of its meaning, we merely use the familiar phrase to express the state of mind we are enjoying as the time draws near to weigh anchor. If the reader of *THE LIGURIAN* who has followed the ramblings of the Student from the beginning can recall one of the first articles, that describing the entrance into Italy—he will appreciate the point we are making. Then, we felt at home—now we are leaving home.

To a Catholic and to a priest, it seems to me, no other impression can supervene this unless it happen, as unfortunately often is the case, the visitor is forced by circumstances merely to dash into Italy, dash around to a few ruins and churches and galleries listening the while to a garrulous guide who mingles bunk with fact with all the confident nonchalance of the half-educated, meeting merely the type of Italian who has been spoiled more or less by the constant contact with tourists of every type. In that case, it is no wonder their views are distorted, no wonder that a noble people is misrepresented and so, misunderstood.

The Italians are a demonstrative people—but not communicative and until one has the rare good fortune—the privilege of being permitted to know the Italian people intimately, he does not and cannot know Italy. There is a great deal more to the average Italian than “*dolce far niente*” and procrastination and flag-waving and music and song. And there is far more Catholicity than the mere placing of flowers and lights at wayside shrines and throwing kisses to a picture of the Madonna.

So it is, that, as time has passed in spite of much preoccupation and work and not a little care, the Student having once found the open sesame to the Italian heart, has experienced the constant strengthening of that first impression till the day of departure brings the feeling that he is leaving home.

There have been plenty of illustrious examples before him. The American poet Browning claimed that if his heart could be viewed after death, it would be found with the inscription engraved on it:

"Italy." And one of the greatest men of all times, the illustrious emancipator of Ireland, Daniel O'Connell, dying, gave his soul to God, his body to Ireland, and his heart to Rome. And his heart remains to this day entombed in honor in the beautiful little chapel of the Irish College in Rome. And there are many, many others who expressed similar affection though in other ways.

Far be it from this writer to attempt to sound the reasons for this phenomenon. A few indications and a few reminiscences will have to suffice for the present. For I would by no means imitate the writers who have left "impressions" indelibly in print, only to find, or have found by others, that further reflection would exhibit their lack of perspective and their consequent lack of truth.

For one thing, it seems to me, much depends on how one enters and leaves Italy. The average tour from America lands at Cherbourg, or Southampton; hurries to Paris or London; then perhaps to Switzerland, and so to Italy, or perhaps omits Switzerland and rounds the Riveira via Nice to Genoa. Then the beaten path leads via Pavia and Florence to Rome. A hurried week in Rome, a dash to Naples—then the way leads back, this time to Venice and Milan, Luzerne or some lake resort among the Alps, then through a section of Germany back to Paris and England and so home. It is like entering and leaving a house by the back door, and as far as impressions are concerned, those from the first glimpses of Italian life are naturally colored by others recently experienced in near-by countries, while final impressions are almost totally lost in the fatigue and haste and variety of experiences encountered between the Italian frontier and the boat.

Naples is the natural Golden Gate of Italy. There the traveler, who would know Italy, should enter; there from the stern of the departing steamer, bid farewell. There, leaving or departing, the traveler sees the famous Italian sky, marred only by the sinister funnel of smoke from Vesuvius, mirrored in the deep blue waters of the bay—the fleets of sailboats and ships drifting about like flocks of snow-white geese come to rest on the waves—the graceful islands of Capri and Ischia standing guard without—the rugged shoreline stretching from beautiful Posilippo to majestic Sant' Elmo past Capodimonte and its superb royal-palace relic of the days when Naples was a Spanish kingdom—past Vesuvius to the headlands above Sorrento and Castellamare; and in between the irregular rows of palaces and villas and highly colored

homes, rising tier on tier, smiling perpetually in the glory of unclouded sunshine or in the fairy-land brilliance of thousands of lights at night, that make up the material part, the physical body of Naples, and give fairly accurate expression to its interior soul. And all typical of Italy, Italy the land of sunshine and song, of happiness in spite of poverty, of vibrant life, and above all, of undying Faith.

Then, too, a great deal depends on how one visits Italy. "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone," never was truer, never more significant than when applied to the short-sighted, egotistic cynic who comes to Italy with his spectacles befogged and leaves it a carping critic. For such we have but little patience and much pity. That type of human beings—and may their brood decrease—have the same difficulty in visiting any country and usually cap the climax by finding it difficult to live at home.

Of course, few have the leisure and fewer the training that would enable them to travel by themselves, seeking out the places that suit them, lingering as long as they find it convenient and then moving on, always keeping apart from the tourist procession, rarely meeting with the specialties arranged for the tourist, and always finding something new and personal and, of course, interest-compelling in the constant contact with people that such a mode of traveling entails.

However, there is not much use in seeking explanations for dissatisfaction. It is more apropos to outline a few of the human touches that make Italy seem home and departure a home-leaving.

There are a number of customs proper to Italy alone that give much insight into the character of the people; customs that usually have a blending of the sublime and the childish to an extent almost incomprehensible to an "outsider." Take, for instance, the Feast of St. John in Rome. The ecclesiastical day is followed exactly: the racket starts promptly on the vigil. Decorated wagons and floats pass in procession along the streets leading to St. John Lateran; children are out in carnival attire, led by their parents, and the awful din of toy-horns lustily blown by strong lips and lungs, makes the night a bedlam of noise. One of the most beautiful floats this year showed the "Norge" floating over the North Pole with the flags of the nations represented in the expedition drifting down to the icy masses. At dusk, colored lights like Japanese lanterns are hung from the windows of the houses, colored garlands swing above the tables of the cafes along the street: the babble of a

multitude of voices rises above the din, but over all, there is the machine-gun war of the tin trumpets. The same occurs in Naples on the eighth of September, the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

Then the famous shrine of the Piedigrotta becomes the center of Neapolitan activity. For a week in advance, preparations are in progress. They range all the way from refurnishing the beautiful church, situated on a higher level of the city to the west, to the sale of colored-paper regalia for the children and the lusty tooting of tin horns by the "ragazzi" in practice for the great day. Somewhere, too, composers are looking over their music and singers are tuning up their throats, for on this day takes place, in the piazza of Piedigrotta, the contest in which the most popular and hence the best of the songs of the year is chosen. The famous "O Sole Mio," so often heard in America, made its first important appearance, I am told, at this festival some years ago. Last year's production of songs fill six good-sized folios. Many of them, however, are worded in Neapolitan and their quaint beauty is lost, save for the music, on all save those who know the dialect thoroughly.

To visit the scene of the festivity means a passing through contrasts that are almost violent. We walk through narrow streets, paved with blocks of lava from Vesuvius, lined with pushcart merchants, or crowds of children, all or nearly all smudged with dirt, yet happy, and in answer to the roaring crack of the vetturino's whip we follow the good example of the natives in front of us and duck into a doorway while a one-seated carriage with a fringed, white umbrella passes by. Then we cross a new piazza and enter a lately constructed station leading to the Metropolitan—the new subway of Naples. The latest in moving stairways brings us to the underground station where we await our train. On time to the minute it issues from a tunnel to our right, and in no time we are whizzing—a hundred feet underground—through the tunnel that pierces the Monte Santo, the promontory crowned with the historic castle of St. Elmo. Our station is Chiaia, a suburb of Naples, rather a new section of the rapidly developing metropolis. And we step out of the latest in modern equipment right into the piazza where the medieval contest in song will take place. The change is almost bewildering. Old customs in Europe rarely die: old traditions become more sacred with the passing years, and even the subway and new business energy, and the latest hotels and the influx of tourists with their

up-to-date modes and manners, will never rob this quarter of its annual festival or its perennial charm. And what a memory it provides: for the sun seems never so golden as in Napoli; the sky never so blue, the great sea never so alluring, and here at Piedigrotta, the sun and the sea and the sky are immortalized in song. The urchin on the back of a lumbering tin-wheeled cart whistles it—the young miss taking her baby brother or sister out for a walk hums it—the old folks sitting quietly in the open window smile it—and you have happy care-free Naples.

But one is liable to ask: "Is this typical also of the rest of Italy?" It would seem so, though the writer has not had a chance to observe the other regions personally. However, the impressions of American friends, who have spent most of their time in Italy, added to the impressions left by the Italians coming from the northern regions of Italy to Rome for the Holy Year, all point to the fact that the happy, care-free spirit of Italy is not limited to a single region or to a few towns.

And it is a God-given gift. For economically the average Italian sees little awaiting him in the future. The war left a nation filled with war-widows and war-orphans and with maimed and blind veterans, and burdened with a heavy debt and with little material with which to produce the money with which to pay the debts. One must work to earn, but work is by no means plentiful. Nor is it remunerative. On the other hand, the cost of living, as I have learned, is practically on a par with that of America or England. But the Italian's happy disposition makes him content with little: and given that little, he can come out in the cool of the evening and sit in his quaint little chair with his children playing about him and listen to a street-piano banging away at "Il Trovatore" or "O Paese d'o Sole" with all the gusto of a New Yorker in the Golden Horseshoe at the Metropolitan listening to the world's best artists.

Foreigners—that is, people of lands outside of Italy—sometimes think that Italians are not over-industrious. An American, for instance, will note with something of disdain that business is never in full swing before nine in the morning. At noon it is at a standstill and stays that way till about three in the afternoon. Then as if by magic the streets fill with people and the tables arranged on the sidewalks begin to fill with people. But after the over-energetic American has let his go-getter bump get the best of him and once experienced the deadening

after-effects of exposure to the midday heat, he becomes wiser. He may even advance so far in his wisdom that he will at least grudgingly admit that the money-loss occurring from this cessation of production is more than offset by the gain in health. The Italian works like a Trojan but he takes care of his health if for no other reason than that he cannot afford the luxury of being ill. And looking back, the Student comes to the conclusion that the Italian more than anyone else has the correct philosophy of life.

As our steamer turns its prow toward Capri and the open sea, we stand at the stern and watch the beautiful composition of hills and old castles and sky and shipping and water blend into the unforgettable unity of a masterpiece on canvas. It is evening and the lights are twinkling above, below, on every side—save one. There, there is large, looming darkness. The tremendous cone of Vesuvius reaches toward the heavens, a sullen, rather heavy cloud of smoke and vapor pouring from its main crater.

It seems to be standing guard over peaceful Naples, but it is a dangerous sentinel. And somehow, by some subconscious association of ideas, we think of the government now in force: the immense, powerful political unit that has arisen in six years and dominates not only Italy, but in no small measure the diplomatic circles of all Europe. That it is an interesting if not absorbing subject of thought is evidenced by the fact that one of the first questions a visitor to Italy asks a foreign resident is: "What is your idea of the Premier and Fascism?" seeming to mean, what do you think is true—that which we have read in our papers at home, or something else.

The subject is a difficult one to discuss, not because of fear of the government, for I do not think any honest foreign journalist has to fear the Fascists, but because of its complicated nature. For Fascism was a more or less sudden answer to a question, and the question was many-sided. The most succinct, and to me, the best comment on the Fascist regime, was made by an Italian educator, himself an enthusiastic Fascist. He thought it an insult to the Italian spirit that it should require such a government, but given the conditions that existed six years ago, there was no other solution. Events of the past six months confirm the statement. While neighboring countries—note the plural—are having the dubious thrill of seeing their destinies tossed about from one gang of wrangling politicians to another, Italy under single leadership, under

one pilot, has its ship of State steered toward one destiny. And the difference between Fascists and anti-Fascists, meaning, of course, true Italians who are interested in their country—and not Socialist radicals of any kind—is more Academic than real. The writer has friends in both parties and has seen again and again a discussion of the problem end in two conclusions, one in which the Fascist conceded the point made by his opponent, that in the present state of affairs there is no true Democracy and but little freedom; and the other, in which the anti-Fascist conceded that Premier Mussolini and his policies, backed by his strong character, have saved the nation, already poor, from utter ruin and have positively begun a well-ordered program of reconstruction that has all the indications of making for permanent prosperity.

Religion, too, has a freedom it did not have since the fiasco of '70. Sunday now is a day of devotion, not a day of merely Socialistic repose. Attendance at Mass and the Sacraments is a matter of duty for men now, and not solely for women as formerly. Every national triumph or great event is celebrated with a *Te Deum* to God—and not merely the blaring of horns and the shooting of fireworks—as formerly. In short, the nation—and a nation it is—has come back to God.

Business men, who come to Italy regularly, mark another improvement since the Fascist government has charge. Trains formerly had a schedule that was honored more in the breach than in the keeping; now, at least in the case of all important trains, you can set your watch by the time of leaving though not always by that of the arrival. For the big trains, not infrequently, arrive ahead of time. Increased efficiency is visible even to one who has been in Italy only a year or two. And as for projects, Naples has a new subway leading through one of its high hills to one of the finest beaches in Europe. This subway is to be continued, though often over-ground till it reaches Rome. Third-rail electrification is used, and heavy cars, to allow of high speed.

The Italians, however, are sighing for "soldi" and they call the American dollars the "dolers" of Italy. But an American who has seen the two sides of the picture, the good and the comfort that comes with national wealth and the evils, must, I think, secretly hope for their own sakes that wealth will come to the Italian slowly. If they ever lose the spirit they possess now, they will have lost something that money can never buy nor charity donate.

The short eastern twilight is over. Lights are blinking like fireflies

on the little boats bobbing in the bay. The big hotels lining the fine new sea-drive to the left are sharply outlined against the black hill behind. Over the blaze of lights that marks the center of Naples, patches of light here and there above the city mark the places where industry and ingenuity united to turn forbidding slopes into dwelling sites, and the string of lights stretches far to the right around the bay, for Naples is a metropolis, and a metropolis must have room. Framing the picture to the right is Vesuvius, still fuming and fretting. The engines of our steamer pick up speed. Capri with its summer homes and albergos draws near. Far beyond on the other side, the dim outlines of the islands of Nisida and Ischia rise up against the evening sky. Our steamer catches the swell of the great Mediterranean and we are off. Someone near, perhaps a Neapolitan leaving home, is humming the haunting strains of Naples' latest hit! It is appropriate:

"Chisto è 'o paese d'o sole,
Chisto è 'o paese d'o mare."
This is the land of sunshine,
This is the land of the sea.

The "giardino del monde," they call it. And so it is. From the Alps and the Italian lakes and the Venetian lagoons and the Italian Riveira down through the Umbrian hills and valleys immortalized in art and sanctified by the seraphic St. Francis of Assissi through the Sabine and Alban Hills with their treasure Rome, on to Naples and its matchless bay and its flowers and song, Italy is a land of poetry and music and history and sanctity: the garden of the world in every sense of the word.

And so as it drops on the horizon and the starlit night falls over the Mediterranean, with our last impressions confirming our first, we say with all our heart: "Italy—a riverderle."

"I had rather believe all the fables in the legends, and the Talmud, and the Koran, than that this universal frame—world—is without a mind."—*Bacon*.

The habit and the art of listening attentively has accounted for many a young man's success, and for the popularity of many girls.

Listening indicates good breeding.

Play Square

CHAP. VII. "COURAGE TO DO AND TO DARE"

J. R. MELVIN, C.Ss.R.

The Giants had a Saturday off. This was an unusual thing, but the rearrangements of their schedule so as to allow the winners in each league to begin the crucial World's Series somewhat earlier to avoid the cold weather which had marred several past series, had made four teams idle on the day which is the big money day at the box office.

Many there were who sarcastically claimed that the Giants had "many off Saturdays" during the season. Be that as it may, dissension among the members of the team that had led the league all season, had put the Giants in fighting position to take another pennant. Ugly rumors were afloat regarding the team, but the management serenely predicted another championship in the offing. Members of the team had been ordered to call off practice for the day, but to get out in the air for a few hours, so as to avoid the staleness that would result otherwise from the long jump they had to make to a distant Western city to begin on Monday the series on which the pennant and possibly the World's championship depended. A surprise was promised players and fans alike at the beginning of this series.

The majority of the players had elected to attend the football game between Fordham and Boston College not only because attendance at the game would enable them to spend the required time in the open air, but especially because they were intensely interested in the work of the Fordham team. The reason for their interest was that after much suasion on the part of Father Dan Dowling, the management of the Giants had been persuaded to lend the services of Will Wynn, their pitching coach, as assistant football Coach to Fordham.

Will Wynn had been the mystery man of the Giants all during the season. In fact, his feat of making a staff of, to say the very best that can be said of them, mediocre pitchers win sufficiently frequently to keep their team in the first division had made him a prominent figure in baseball. Recently "Little Nappy," as the sporting world had dubbed the manager of the Giants, in a moment of apparent chagrin, had asked waivers on one of his recalcitrant staff of pitchers and had announced to the world that Will Wynn had been signed in his place.

The sporting world simply grinned a wide grin of huge amusement.

For Will Wynn was an old man as baseball ages go and all the solons of baseball deemed this only another move of the Fox of Gotham to throw dust in his enemies' eyes. Others thought it was simply a play of Nappy to reward services rendered by giving Wynn a share of money which would accrue to a team in the first division, as a regularly signed player. No one took the move seriously or dreamed that Mac would pitch the old timer in a real league game.

Few guessed and nobody except those concerned knew the real idea back of this final move of the sorely harassed management of the Giants. Father Dan Dowling knew and he it was who had overruled the protests of Will Wynn and had overcome the objections of Nappy and had had Tom Brawley both inscribed once more on the roster of the team from which he had once been expelled in disgrace and had the same Tom installed as assistant coach of football at Fordham where Tom Brawley, Jr., would come unknowingly under the tutelage of his sire.

Until the advent of Notre Dame and other teams from the more or less wild and woolly West into the limelight of athletic prominence, Boston College with Holy Cross, Georgetown and Fordham had formed the Big Four of Catholic athletic circles. Despite the greater share of fame garnered by the men from Indiana, a game between Boston College and Fordham was no mean spectacle. B. C., as the Beaneaters were popularly called by their followers were known far and wide as the roughest team in Catholic football, though their roughness and aggressiveness did not prevent them from showing at all times a high regard for sportsmanship and exact observance of the rules of the game. Coaches at Fordham had devoted all their attention to developing speed.

Like Charles Martel of old the B.C. swept down the field in the first quarter of the game to score with hammerlike thrusts huge gains through the line of the men from Morningside Heights. Score: B.C., 7—Fordham, 0. Then the team fumbled. Batted and bruised even by these first moments of play, Fordham gridsters stood awaiting the kick once again. The air was still and chill and from the boot of O'Connor the ball sailed in a low spiral into the arms of Gegan on Fordham's five-yard line. Gegan, a shifty half-back, carried the pigskin back to Fordham's forty-yard line, where he was downed in a crashing heap by Bull Cronin, B.C.'s giant center.

B.C. had heard much of Fordham's speedy quarterback, Brawley, and his rapid development under the coaching of Wynn, who had made himself famous at Lincoln College by the dazzling series of line plays and off-tackle thrusts he had developed. But B.C. was ready. Her line stood alert; backs stood like wary tigers waiting to pounce on the man selected to carry the ball. Fordham's ball on her own forty-yard line; first down and a line play was the only logical strategy. But real strategy is often illogical. The ball snapped back; B.C. plunging forward hit the wavering Fordham line like a ton of brick. And then—over the heads of the onrushing tidal wave from Boston shot the ball—straight as a baseball heaved to catch a runner, true into the arms of Gegan from the unerring arm of Brawley, the pigskin flashed. Like a scared rabbit, Gegan was off and all the B.C. team could do was stand in flatfooted amazement as Gegan romped unhindered down the field and crossed the line. Then as Brawley, from a place-kick, shot the ball over the crossbars, all New York knew that Fordham had struck its stride as the air resounded with their battle-cry followed by a long drawn-out Braw-braw-braw-ley.

Look it up in the football guide and you will find how Fordham amazed the country that day. Outweighed, but not outplayed, they made the heavyweights from Boston look like schoolboys. B.C. never scored again. O'Connor's toe was sore from kicking out of danger; Bull Cronin gnashed his teeth in impotent rage as his flying tackle hit nothing but empty air. Fake and forward passes, kicks, end-runs, shifts, half-shifts, one and one-half shifts, tackle-thrusts and line plunges, Fordham, led by Brawley's generalship, mixed them up so as to make B.C. nothing but a bewildered bunch of beef and brawn and bone, dangerous but helpless. The final score was: 23-7.

"THE SPORTSMAN'S PRAYER"

The baseball season is now history. How a team that was hopelessly, to all appearances in the rut of defeat sallied forth into enemy territory and with the aid of a newly-signed, untried and unknown pitcher snatched a pennant and won a world's championship are the salient facts that made this season one of the most noteworthy in baseball history. These are facts known to all, the world over. Other facts are apparently mere conjectures, and we must leave the judgment of our readers to pick truth from fiction. We shall call our team the Giants. But the facts will fit several teams involved in the crisis that almost wrecked forever the hold which the national pastime has upon the heart and mind and body of America.

Whether, as some conjecture, it was the gambling interests that played havoc with the pennant chances of the leaders of the league and plunged them in the last two weeks of the season into inglorious defeat, while at the same time shaking to their very foundations the team spirit of other contenders or whether as most

fans are convinced a masked and hooded organization, playing religious prejudice against American sportsmanship, marred some teams and wrecked others, we do not care to decide arbitrarily. Suffice it for us to state what all men know now, the team with the cleanest, truest spirit of unity and fair play ultimately triumphed with the aid, principally, of a pitcher who according to all the traditions of the game should have been retired to the scrap-heap long years since.

This pitcher did more than win three games out of the five to clinch the pennant for his team. Yes, he did more than to pitch his team to victory in the crucial game of the World's Series. By his own sterling, winning personality, his unbounded courage and unfaltering loyalty to the principles of true American sportsmanship, he knit together a hopelessly divided team rent by discord and mistrust, since those who have been believed most tried and true had shown themselves arch-traitors to their teammates and management. In a club, where no man dared fully trust another in view of recent scandalous happenings, Will Wynn, whose name shall go down to posterity as one of baseball's undying heroes, became the keystone in the arch of success, or to express it better he was the anchor that held baseball's ship to her moorings, and prevented a catastrophe that would have ruined forever our national pastime.

How he did this is no secret. He lived up to the creed, which roaring thousands boomed forth as the now famous double-play ended the series with the Yanks and brought forth victory from defeat, honor from disgrace, confidence from wavering mistrust. Never, so long as life shall last, can we forget the final scene in the Polo Grounds, which was not so much a paean of victory as a hymn of thanks for the preservation of America's best ideas, as with uncovered heads forty thousand fans solemnly voiced the Sportsman's Prayer:

Dear Lord, in the battle that goes through life
We ask but a field that is fair;
A chance that is equal with all in the strife:
The courage to do and to dare.

And if we should win, let it be by the code,
With our faith and our honor held high;
And if we should lose, let us stand by the road
And cheer as the winner goes by.

The above editorial from America's greatest newspaper tells the final judgment of the sporting world in the comeback of Tom Brawley. His pseudonym of Will Wynn was respected, though more than one ambitious reporter had unearthed the principal facts of his life story; but the Giant management coupled with the respect and love yielded Father Dan Dowling had kept the facts from the general public, who knew him only as a bush-league artist who had suddenly leaped to fame, through what many regarded as the Utopian idea of sport fanatics, Lincoln College.

The world series had gone the limit of seven games. Of the games won by his team, Will Wynn had pitched two out of the three. However, his own courage and the confidence of the management of the Giants in his ability, had led him, against the advice of Father Dan Dowling, to attempt too much. After a hard game in which he held the fence-busting Yankees to three hits and no runs, whilst his teammates had profited by errors and a timely hit to score two runs in the

eighth inning of the fourth game of the series, Wynn had essayed to pitch again the next day. The Yanks apparently had solved his delivery as he lasted only four innings. In the fatal fourth a veritable orgy of base hits climaxed by a home run from the mightiest batter in baseball, gave the Yanks six runs and sent Wynn ingloriously to the showers. The Yanks won again the next day by the frightful score of 8-1. A total of eighteen hits had been registered against the three Giant pitchers who had faced the cannonade from the bats of the battering sluggers. Apparently the fence-busters had struck their stride and no power could stop them. The series stood three to two in their favor. But the next day over-confidence caused them to slip and the Giants tied the series by the narrow margin of one run.

All during the series Father Dan Dowling had been praying like Moses on the Mount for the success of the Giants. To his prayers were added the petitions of poor Will Wynn who knelt humbly but fervently at the Altar each morning and asked God to give him victory, not for the sake of victory itself, but for the ideals which he had learned to cherish, and above all to fulfill the hope that he held close to his heart—that his efforts might make him worthy in the eyes of Father Dan Dowling to hasten his reunion with his boy at Fordham and his saintly little daughter, Mary.

On the morning of the day of the last game Wynn paid a visit to Father Dan, after the good priest had celebrated Mass at which Wynn had received Holy Communion. The good priest insisted on Wynn's taking breakfast with him, though the pitcher protested he had come only to beg a last blessing. Father Dan quickly, but firmly, overruled his protests and he found himself once more in the familiar dining-room where he had met the priest the day after his release from jail.

"I hardly think I need your blessing for my arm," remarked Wynn, "but I think your blessing me will bring luck to the whole team, Father."

"Then Mac is not going to pitch you today?" asked the priest.

"Not unless he has changed his mind since last night," replied Wynn gloomily. "I almost got down on my knees and begged him to let me start anyhow. But he says what the Yanks did to me on Tuesday is plenty and he'd sooner put the batboy in the box than myself."

"Mac isn't very complimentary, at any rate," said Father Dan.

"Oh, I don't mind what Mac says in that line," grinned Wynn. "He says lots of things just to keep us from getting swelled heads."

But I know he feels that I can't make good. So there's not a chance in the world of my starting the game."

"Who do you think will pitch then?" asked Father Dan.

"Sallust is his only hope," said Wynn.

"And he lost one and won one, besides being touched up for six hits in the fifth game," said Father Dan. "It doesn't look as though Mac had much hope of winning the series, eh?"

"Betting odds are three to two against us," replied Wynn. "But the Yanks will know that they have been in a ball game—that is, if courage to do and dare count for anything. The Yanks have a wonderful team, but they are not the unit our team is."

"Thanks principally to you for that," remarked Father Dan.

"No, Father, thanks to a wonderful crowd of fellows that got behind me, when they had reason to mistrust everybody. True, I did my best to get them together for Mac's sake, because he sure is one prince and deserved better treatment than the skunks who played him false handed out."

"Then you're not sore because he will not let you pitch today?" asked Father Dan.

"Why should I be?" inquired Wynn in his turn. "He has given me the squarest deal any man could ask. If he won't let me pitch, it's only because he believes it is for the best interests of the team. Believe me, I'll root just as hard from the bench and pray, too; as hard as if I were in there tossing them up for the Yanks to guess at."

"Well, my heart is with you and you deserve a lot of credit, win or lose. By the way, how is football going at Fordham?"

"To tell the truth, I haven't given much time or thought to it the last few weeks," said Wynn. "The season is in its infancy, but I think Fordham will win the Catholic championship in a walk. The kid is going great guns and I think the world of him. You surely trained him well, Father Dan."

"Well, his big test will come in the Columbia game on Thanksgiving," said Father Dan. "If everything goes well, that will be the day you make yourself known. I promised the newspapers as the price of silence, I would let them have your story that day."

"It can't come too soon for me, thank God," said Wynn. "But, Father, just now my heart is set on winning for good old Mac, and he won't even let me try."

"Well, if Sally cracks," said Father Dan, "he will have to put you in. It will be his last desperate hope."

"Yeh," replied Wynn, "but the team will know that, and it is going, or is apt to, break their nerve."

"Nonsense," laughed the priest; "they would rather lose with you in the box than win with another man. They know you never quit trying."

(To be Continued.)

A TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC MISSIONS

The French novelist, Pierre Benoit, publishes his impressions of a journey through China in one of the Paris dailies. Describing a Mass he attended at the Cathedral of Mukden, he says:

"The Cathedral is situated in the very middle of the Chinese city. Always different from the other religious missions, which prefer to establish themselves in the European concessions, well provided with regular troops, machine-guns and cannon, we see the Catholic Missions established in the midst of their flock, winning the confidence of the native by first giving him their own.

"In front, close to the altar, are the orphans kept by native nuns. One must have passed through the frightful Chinese crowds to know what would have been the fate of the majority of these children had it not been for the missionaries. I quote at random from the wealth of testimony, a few lines from the traveller Cotteau: 'I pass over the beggars' bridge; it is of marble and divided, lengthwise, into three parts, separated by balustrades. From time immemorial this has been the rendezvous of a hideous and famished crowd. I saw there a child lying in the death agony, with its head on the pavement. The Chinese passed by indifferent, and no one stopped to help it.'"

"A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth man's mind about to religion."—*Bacon on Atheism.*

In talking you develop readiness; in listening you absorb information.—*Bacon.*

If a man is not great in little things he lacks the elements of true greatness.

Catholic Anecdotes

A TEMPTATION

At a gay party one night last winter, claret punch was served. One young man declined it. Several of his neighbors rallied him on his abstemiousness. Still he refused to drink. Then the daughter of the house, in honor of whose birthday the party was given, exclaimed: "I'll make him take it."

So she filled a glass and presented it to him herself, saying: "Drink it for me."

"No, thank you," he replied.

"Now do," she urged, "as a favor to me on my birthday."

"Please don't press me," he said, "as I have made a promise not to drink."

"Oh do," came from someone on the right. "A little wine won't hurt you," said someone on the left. "This doesn't count," chimed in a third.

Still he refused, embarrassed, but politely and quite firmly.

The daughter of the house turned away from him in displeasure, and some of the others present murmured at his obstinacy, when the head of the house, who had become aware of the incident, joined the group and said: "I admire your grit, Fred; you are made of the right metal."

After the party the father said to his daughter: "Why did you persist in asking Fred to take the punch? Don't you know that his father fills a drunkard's grave and that over the corpse the lad was made by his mother to vow never to taste a drop of intoxicating drink? He is the most agreeable young man that I know, and he must have had a hard battle to keep his word tonight. Thank God, he remained the victor. I would not have had you be the means of his breaking the promise for all the world."

There were tears in the eyes of the girl as she answered: "If I had only known, I would not have asked him. I'm very, very sorry."

No man ever listened himself out of a sale.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

A good man who became neither priest nor religious, but remained in the world to leaven it with an example of sturdy faith and loyalty, has left on record what happened in his own home every night.

As he lay quietly in his little room before sleep came on, there would be a gentle footfall on the stairs, the door would open noiselessly, and in a moment his mother would come softly to his bedside.

First, there would be a few gentle, affectionate inquiries gradually deepening into words of counsel. Then kneeling, her head touching his, the mother would begin in tender words to pray for her boy, pouring forth her whole soul in desires and supplications. Rising then, with a good-night kiss, she would go. The boy, when a grown-up man, wrote:

"The prayers often passed out of thought with slumber, and came not again to mind for years, but they were not lost. They were safely kept in some sacred place of memory, for they reappear now with a beauty brighter than ever. I willingly believe they were an invisible bond with heaven to keep me faithful to God through long years of trial and sorrow."

A MOTHER'S LESSON

Father Bernard Vaughan tells us in one of his recollections of his beautiful home, that when he was quite a little child, his mother took him on her lap one evening, and told him that on earth there was nobody who loved him as much as she, his mother, did.

Then she went on to tell the boy about her love, and when he had put his arms around her neck, and smothered her with a child's kisses, she paused and took out her crucifix. Pointing to the figure of Our Lord, she said:

"There is somebody who loves you more than mother. Look at His hands and look at mine. There are no nails ploughing mother's hands. There are no nails plunged into mother's feet. There is no spear breaking its cruel way through mother's poor heart. Who loves you most? Yes, Jesus Christ. Always love Him more than anyone, who loves you so much more than even I do."

Laugh a little more at your own troubles and a little less at your neighbor's.

Pointed Paragraphs

WHAT THE HOLY FATHER THOUGHT

In a letter addressed to Cardinal Mundelein, Pope Pius XI discloses his impressions of the recent Eucharistic Congress. After expressing his amazement at the magnificent gatherings which those days saw, he says:

"Such marvelous demonstrations explain more how it is that this Congress has taken on the greatness and importance of an event of first rank and of world-wide interest. The faith and devotion to the Holy Eucharist of which the congressists, and in particular the American Catholics, gave proof in a manner so strikingly edifying and so deeply stirring, is a splendid eulogy of the zeal of the American bishops and priests who have succeeded in implanting so deeply and developing so well this faith and devotion in the hearts of their people. * * *

"Nor should we pass over in silence at this time," continues the Holy Father's letter, "the deferential attitude of the public authorities and of the American press, which showed such intense and such kindly interest in this religious celebration, thus nobly interpreting and satisfying the wish of the American people; of that people who was so hospitable and so generously respectful to our representative and to the other princes and prelates of the Church, and showed such reverence for all that pertains to religious; God certainly will not fail to bless a nation that encourages such noble sentiments and knows so well how to express them nobly. * * *

"We heartily rejoice with you in this solemn act of homage," the letter concludes, "brought about through your efforts as if in protest and reparation for the persecutions that elsewhere they are directing against Him and against His Church, again verifying even in our days as in all the history of the Church, those seemingly contradictory words of her divine Founder, on one hand,—you will have tribulation * * * they will persecute you,' and on the other,—'behold, I am with you,' and 'be not afraid'."

Complaint against misfortune is often but an excuse for laziness.

THE EPIDEMIC SPREADING

We are all familiar with the attempt at destroying religion in Mexico. South of Mexico, and bounded for five hundred miles by Mexican territory, lies Guatemala. Now Guatemala is aping Mexico.

The Guatemalan government has already expelled or forced out 11 of the 70 priests who have the hard task of administering to 2,200,000 souls.

In addition it has forbidden the entry into the country of any member of a Catholic religious order; outlawed the foreign-born priests who exercise their ministry in the republic, except those granted special permission by the government; taken away the right of trial from priests, making their expulsion summary; made it a criminal offense for anyone to permit the proscribed person to enter the country; suspended civil guaranties; suppressed Catholic papers; and filled the Catholic churches with spies.

It is a good imitation of the Mexican 1926 Model! Will the epidemic spread? The cause is just the same in Guatemala as in Mexico and that element exists in other countries as well.

WHEN MEXICO WENT BEGGING

About eleven years ago the Mexican Constitutionalist government was begging at the doors of the world's governments for recognition. They came to the United States, knowing that if we recognized them, the world would likewise. As beggars they had fair words on their tongues. The document they presented to the then secretary of state, Mr. Lansing, with the signatures of the representatives of the Mexican government, and dated October 8, 1915, reads:

"Complying with your excellency's request asking me what is the attitude of the Constitutionalist government in regard to the Catholic Church in Mexico, I have the honor to say that inasmuch as the re-establishment of peace within law and order is the purpose of the government, to the end that all the inhabitants of Mexico without exception, whether nationals or foreigners, may equally enjoy the benefits of true justice and hence take interest in cooperating to the support of the government; the laws of reform, which guarantee individual freedom of worship according to everyone's conscience, shall be strictly observed.

"Therefore, the Constitutionalist government will respect every-

body's life, property and religious beliefs, without other limitations than the preservation of public order and the observance of the institutions in accordance with the laws in force and the constitution of the republic."

Eleven days after the receipt of this official statement the government at Washington formally recognized the Mexican government and so notified the nations of the world.

This document and these facts are quoted in the Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times from an article in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Evidently another case of "a scrap of paper."

ONE RECORD

An example of the Church's work in South America and Mexico, in the days when the Church could do her work unhampered, we quote two passages of a speech by President Coolidge, delivered at a gathering of the Pan-American journalists at Washington. President Coolidge declared:

"The early inhabitants of colonial South America established centers of culture earlier than similar agencies were established in English colonial agencies in North America. No less than eight institutions of higher learning were founded prior to the establishment, in 1636, of Harvard, the oldest university in the United States.

"Printing in the New World first appeared in Latin America. The first printing press this side of the Atlantic was set up in Mexico in 1535 and the second in Lima in 1586. It was not until 1639 that the first printing press in what is now the United States was used in Cambridge, Mass. The dissemination of news in printed form was resorted to in South America in 1594."

And this is only a partial list of the Church's achievements in South America and Mexico.

What a delightful world this would be if our neighbor knew half as well what is good for him as we do!

Truth is stranger than fiction because there is less of it on the market.

ANOTHER RECORD

The reply of the Mexican Bishops to President Calles' charges against them, gives us a glimpse at his educational and constructive achievements. The Bishops' reply says:

"Senor Calles, in giving a resume of his activities, says that 129 colleges have been closed; but he does not say that they were closed without any legal written order or without giving time for defense.

"Forty-two churches were closed as well as all the chapels in institutions of charity, and the reason that Senor Calles gives for this is that they were 'violating Article 27'; but he does not say that this article has not been regulated and, therefore, the closures were arbitrary acts.

"Senor Calles states that he has suppressed religious orders in charge of establishments of public charity; but he does not say that there is not an organic law which authorizes him to proceed in this way.

"He adds that he closed 73 convents; but he remains silent on the cruel way in which, in many cases, the orders were carried out.

"Senor Calles gives assurance that the great majority of Mexicans will lend the necessary help to complete the work the government has started. We know that the poor people are blamed for everything.

"This assurance does not agree with the statement which Senor Calles makes at the end of his message to Congress, for there he expresses his fears, which are really well-founded, that the work he has started probably has not been well understood and esteemed."

Probably not; who could understand or esteem it?

SELF-DENIAL, CHARACTER AND HAPPINESS

That these three are inevitably linked, Catholic asceticism has always taught. The late Dr. Charles W. Eliot of Harvard, one of the great intellectual leaders of our days, in an interview given some time before his death, read our American youth a lesson along the same lines. Referring to happiness in marriage, he said:

"Unwavering love is the basis of genuine, enduring marriage, and the price to be paid for unwavering love is personal sacrifice. Even in small things this self-denial for another, particularly for one's life partner, bears fruit in happiness.

"When I went to Cambridge as a boy," he continues, "I recall that my father and I walked across the bridge toward Harvard College, and on the bridge my father stopped for a minute.

"'Charles,' he said to me, 'there is one thing I should like to ask you. When you are in college you will find other boys with habits different from yours. I want you to promise me not to smoke.'

"I made the promise. My father was not prejudiced against tobacco. He had no narrow views. He was himself a regular, but temperate smoker, smoking three cigars each day of his life, one after each meal. But he asked this promise because he knew the value of self-discipline, which, started early in life in one thing will lead to habitual control of impulse and appetites.

"Later, when I fell in love with the daughter of the minister of King's Chapel, Boston, and we were married, I found that my wife had inherited from her father a genuine dislike for tobacco. She asked me not to smoke, although after college I had become a smoker. I agreed to do without tobacco, and have never smoked since.

"So small a concession in itself seems unimportant; but of the small items of considerateness, we make our mosaic of married happiness."

HEROES

Heroes!—Who? Apparently they were so modest they washed their faces. This was their achievement:

"The Wayside Shrine outside of Philadelphia is no more. It was in the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, but one morning in July it was found destroyed, its candelabra and statue demolished. The doors had been removed from their hinges to give admission and to make assurance of their incendiarism doubly sure, the miscreants saturated everything with gasoline before setting fire to the shrine.

"The lintel of the doors contained the letters K.K.K., and a notice of a K.K.K. meeting was found posted on the walls of the school."

Another achievement: twenty hooded and armed men carried off Rev. Vincent D. Warren of Norfolk, Va., because he conducts a school for colored children. Where are the heroes now—that they are being sought?

We meet them every day: Those whose only mission on earth is, or seems to be, to take up room.

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

PERSECUTION

Persecutions are as old as Christianity. "It must needs be that persecution come," said the Founder of our holy Religion. And they have come and will continue to come as long as the world shall last.

These persecutions are of major proportions when they are the trial of some people, as of the Mexican people today, or they may be of minor kind when they afflict only one or only a small group.

Not a saint of God's Church but what has suffered persecution. We need not go far afield to find an example. The first canonized Saint of the nineteenth century was one Clement Mary Hofbauer. He died only in 1820 and was canonized in 1909.

The outstanding feature of his life was the persecutions to which he was subject all during that life. He showed early signs of a call to the service of God as a priest, yet owing to the machinations of men he did not get to realize that desire till late in life. And when he began the course of studies preparatory to his holy calling he was met on all sides by obstacles which, to a less sturdy and resolute young man, would have been insurmountable. But, nothing daunted, he went ahead and finally stood at the Altar as a priest of God and member of a religious congregation. He became almost at once an apostle. Leaving Italy for his native lands he first went to Austria. Here he found no resting place; the field was closed to him. Then he sought a home in Poland. Here he succeeded in establishing a flourishing congregation of religious men who devoted their time to the evangelization of the people. He founded schools, orphanages, homes for the afflicted, and withal had time to devote to preaching and catechizing the great numbers who flocked to hear him.

But the enemy was not asleep. This flourishing work for God's poor was destined to be destroyed by the revolution of godlessness which was the aftermath of Voltaire. He was seized quite unexpectedly. With his companions he was told to leave the land. He did.

Seeking a place for his Fathers and Students he wandered about Europe from country to country and everywhere found himself "unwelcome". Finally he settled down in an obscure corner of Vienna and there became the Apostle of Vienna. He alone was responsible for the re-awakening of the Catholic Faith in Austria—in spite of further persecutions.

What was the life-giving principle of this wonderful man? What the inspiration for all those endeavors? His devotion to Mary. The Rosary was his constant companion. He used to say that he found it easy to bring back to the faith even the hardest of the revolutionary spirits—if he had time to say the Rosary on his way to the sick man's bed of pain.

Our lives, too, are full of persecutions. Petty as they may be they often cause us to halt—to wonder why. If we were as insistent on getting the aid of the Mother of Perpetual Help as he was, we would win the same victories. Let us go with confidence, then, to this good Mother and we shall find seasonable aid. Men may persecute us, may hate us, may do us to death—in their intentions. If Mary is for us all their efforts will avail them nothing. Let us be faithful to our Rosary. October ought to see us reciting it every day in her honor. This little tribute faithfully paid her every day will surely merit for us her protection in the persecutions to which we are subjected.

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"I promised publication, if my prayers were answered, and Masses of Thanksgiving. The latter obligation has been fulfilled."—Omaha.

KEEPING AT IT

There are converts being made every day to the gospel of "keeping everlastingly at it."

"When I was a girl," said a useful and busy woman, "I came across a sentence that I have never forgotten, and which has encouraged me more than any other saying I know. It was this:

"'An engine of one cat power, running all the time, is more effective than one of forty horse power idle.' I realized strongly that I had not a forty horse power, but one cat power I certainly possessed, and I determined to run my little engine as hard and as steady as I could."

Catholic Events

His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, has let it be known that he personally will consecrate the three native Chinese priests who were recently elected to the Hierarchy. The consecration will take place in St. Peter's on October 24. In a letter to the Hierarchy of China, he at the same time urged the policy of the Church regarding the building up of a native clergy in all missionary lands.

In the words of Cardinal Van Rossum, who as Prefect of the Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith has supervision of all Catholic Foreign Missions, His Holiness has demonstrated "not only by word, but also by deed, that the Catholic Church is not foreign to China, but wishes to be Chinese in China as she is French in France, German in Germany, American in America.

"No," continued the Cardinal, "the Catholic Church never interferes in political affairs, having always considered as her exclusive office the announcing of the Gospel without any political aim whatever. The Church has never allowed her missions to serve as a political instrument to earthly powers. The Church, as the history of centuries shows, adapts herself to every nation, every government. She has preached and preaches respect and obedience toward civil authority lawfully constituted. She demands for her missionaries only liberty, security and common right."

* * *

News of the failure of the attempt recently made on the life of Premier Mussolini, evoked from the Pope an expression of joy that the premier's life was saved. The *Osservatore Romano*, the organ of the Vatican, voiced his sentiments in these terms:

"This attempt surpasses in barbarism and horror previous attempts made on the life of the premier. It unites again the Christian civil conscience of the country unanimously in protest against such murderous madness, which far from being an ignoble common crime, becomes a social crime by not counting its victims, and by arousing in the life of the people itself new and frightful fires of passion.

Therefore, with thanks to the wise and merciful God for saving the life of the man who rules the destinies of the nation; with expressions of the greatest joy to Premier Mussolini for having escaped this danger, there arise fervent prayers that, as today, Italy may always be spared the immeasurable wickedness of seeing stricken, him who represents the principle and guarantee of an ordered and tranquil life."

* * *

According to reports from Mexico, the Calles Government is using President Coolidge's views, as expressed after his conference with Ambassador Sheffield, to bolster their tyrannical regime. They interpret his words as an endorsement of their actions. They represent the President as saying: "That a more aggressive policy cannot be suc-

cessfully pursued and that patience and a desire to help the responsible government of Mexico will gain more in the end"; that the President "at this juncture expects no changes in the Mexican situation which will call for a new policy"; that "the situation has been improving for the last three or four years and there is now very little complaint of disorder," and that "the Mexican Government is now maintaining a fair condition of order in the country."

* * *

So critical has the situation in Mexico become as a result of the boycott conducted by the League for the Defense of Religious Liberty, that the Department of Finance has halted all purchases abroad by government departments, while Mexican money is at an unfavorable rate of exchange. All state governors have been asked to pursue a like policy.

* * *

While the boycott was thus continuing its effect, the Catholic leaders in the country continued their efforts to mobilize public opinion against Calles' anti-religious laws. With the petition for the relief of the Church now before Congress, and with a pastoral letter issued exhorting all Catholics to stand firm, the leaders have actively entered upon a project of obtaining a monster petition to Congress for action.

All the Catholics of the country are to sign the petition, and elaborate plans for obtaining the signatures have been perfected. Estimates of the number of names the document will eventually contain run from 6,000,000 to 13,000,000. It is hoped that thus the Congress will be impressed in a profound way with the will of the people in the religious controversy.

The national chamber of commerce of Mexico has gone so far as to address a letter to President Calles directly, calling his attention to the crisis, which it asserts "is daily growing more intense." The chamber says it regards it as its patriotic duty to suggest remedies.

Meantime the League for the Defense of Religious Freedom has taken steps to assist those who are in want because of loss of their positions, in many instances because of their religious belief. Other Catholic agencies are doing similar work.

* * *

President Green, of the American Federation of Labor, attending an anti-Fascist meeting, condemned Mussolini, and said: "The Federation will stand with you and work with you till we have driven Fascism from the face of the earth," because it is destructive of human liberty. He also declared: "The American Federation of Labor will always be heard from wherever there is a movement to substitute autocracy for democracy." But nevertheless they are not much moved over events in Mexico.

* * *

The Rev. Vincent D. Warren, Catholic priest of Norfolk, Virginia, was carried away from a band concert given by the pupils of his school for colored children. The men who abducted him were armed and masked. They drove him out into the country and then left him on the road but unhurt.

Father Warren has been in Norfolk for ten years. When he came

his congregation numbered 125; now he has 900, eighty per cent of whom are converts. His school in 1916 had 200 pupils; it now has 800 and is supported by Catholics and Protestants.

The attack on Father Warren has aroused indignation at Klan activities among Catholics as well as Protestants and most of the daily papers have condemned the attack.

* * *

Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis, in a sermon for the opening of the schools, spoke on the necessity of religious training in schools. He said:

"Some say, why not relegate religion to the home and give other subjects a better chance in the schools? We say that this is not best, because there are in these times not many truly Christian homes and the children are often not amenable to religious training there. Home life today is in flats, apartments, hotels and automobiles. For many, home is where the speedometer happens to be.

"Even if an hour of religious instruction is given in the home, it is disjoined from the rest of education. Besides, in secular education, it is impossible to exclude the 'for or against religion' element. In most studies teachers cannot be neutral."

* * *

Rt. Rev. John J. Mitty will be officially installed as Bishop of Salt Lake City on October 7. The newly-made Bishop was consecrated September 8, by Cardinal Hayes of New York. Bishop Mitty was until his consecration pastor of a New York City church.

* * *

In a brief survey of the accomplishments of the last five years in the Cleveland diocese, Bishop Schrembs, who just celebrated the fifth anniversary of his installation as Bishop, declared among other things:

"While 60,000 children are in the parochial schools of the diocese today, I dare say that more than 100,000 Catholic children in the diocese receive no Catholic education in schools. That may seem like an exaggeration. But from an examination I have made, I think I have rather understated the number.

"Reflect a moment," he went on. "We need double the number of schools we now have, and that is considering only the material side. How about providing the additional nuns and priests? This question brings us back to the question of vocations. Unless there come from your midst young men and young women who consecrate themselves to the service of God, we cannot provide the necessary priests and sisters."

* * *

Over five hundred convent-bred women met at St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana, for the seventh biennial convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae.

* * *

An effective step toward solving the problems pending between the Holy See and Yugoslavia was taken when the government dispatched M. Jerome Simitch to represent it at Rome in the capacity of Yugoslav envoy to the Vatican.

Some Good Books

Elements of Experimental Psychology. By Rev. J. De La Vaissiere, S.J. Translated from the fifth French Edition by Rev. S. A. Raemers, M. A. Published by the B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$3.00 net.

Too often our Catholic institutions of learning seem forced to use textbooks more or less infected with the poison of false philosophy, for the simple reason that adequate manuals written from a safe and solid viewpoint are wanting. They must trust to the care of the teacher to make the text innocuous to the student. Hence a volume such as the above deserves a hearty welcome.

The original was crowned by the French Academy. This is an accurate and readable translation, retaining all the excellent points of the original and even improving upon it at times from a typographical standpoint. Thus the splendid bibliography of some forty pages is now arranged alphabetically and an alphabetical index has been added.

As the author notes in his preface, this is not a laboratory manual and hence the technique of experimenters, thus furnishing to students of philosophy a means of coming into closer contact with a positive science most useful to the furtherance of rational psychology.

The Mind. By Rev. John X. Pine, S.J. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, \$2.00 net.

In the closing sentence of his foreword, the author makes reference to the regrettable state of affairs mentioned in the previous review. "As yet," he writes, "English books on scholastic psychology are few." And it is to do his share in filling in this gap on the library shelves set aside for English books on psychology and marked "Scholastic" that he has written this volume—the fruit of years of study, reading, and teaching.

The task the author set himself was not an easy one, for he undertook to present scholastic psychology in the language of the twentieth century. On the one hand there was the difficulty of translating many technical terms which, as one author has remarked, are the despair of the translator; on the other hand, technical terms had been so twisted from their traditional meanings by modern writers that there seemed little hope of bringing order out of confusion. But a careful reading of the volume reveals that the author has succeeded, due, no doubt, to the fact that he has selected St. Thomas Aquinas as the master-builder in the work of construction, and that he has wisely allowed authors whose opinions are discussed to speak for themselves by setting before readers long quotations from their writings.

Jesus Christ—The Exiled King. By Rev. Henry Woods, S.J. Published by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. Price, \$2.25 net.

In view of the proclamation last year, by the present Holy Father, of the Feast of Christ the King to be celebrated each year on the last Sunday of October, the above volume is most timely. It is a ringing invitation to all the world to consider attentively and dispassionately the eminent claims the Saviour has to the homage of men.

After laying down certain fundamental facts, the author proceeds to establish the foundation of a Kingdom by the Redeemer, gives details of its organization, traces its history during the ages from early Christian times to the present, stressing the once universal acceptance of Christ's claims by the Christian world, and the resulting beneficent influence on all orders of society, the subsequent rejection of the reign of Christ, and closes with a chapter entitled "The Kingdom Invincible."

Lucid Intervals

Taxi Driver—"Here you are, sir. This is your house—get out—be careful, sir—here's the step."

Stew—"Yesh! Thrash allri, but wersh my feet?"

"I asked her if I could see her home."

"And what did she say?"

"Said she'd send me a picture of it."

He (after long argument)—I wonder what would happen if you and I ever agreed on anything.

She—I'd be wrong.

"Don't you think Miss Singher has a wide repertoire?"

"Yes, but it wouldn't show so much if she'd wear another kind of dress."

Voice from above — Drop that anchor!

Boat aboard ship — Say, no one's touching the darn old anchor.

A Scotsman, a Greek, and an American, members of the three thriftiest races, were fast friends. After a long absence they met and it was decided that the reunion should be celebrated with a dinner at a fashionable restaurant. Just who was to play host was a point not brought up beforehand.

The food was good and there was plenty of it. One course followed another. At eight o'clock, coffee and cheese having been served, the waiter brought the bill and put it on the table.

Long after midnight the Scotsman temporarily excused himself and called up his wife on the telephone.

"Is that you, Jean?" he asked. "Well, I've been. I'm going to be very late getting home. I'm with a couple of friends talking business—and it seems that we're in a deadlock."

The host's small daughter, called upon to entertain the professor who was her father's guest, announced that she would tell him a story.

"There was once a man named Columbus," she began, "an' a queen sent him on a voyage, an' his ships were named the Nina, the Pinta, and—and—" "Santa Maria," prompted the professor.

"Yes; and the queen's name was—"

"Isabella," suggested the professor. "Professor," asked the child, with sudden suspicion, "have you ever heard this story before?"

Golfer (after a long afternoon on the links): "I'll gie ye a tip, laddie—Caddie: "Thank you, sir."

Golfer (continuing): "Go straight hame. Yon ring round the moon means rain."

"You see that man with the high forehead and the sunken eyes?"

"Yes. What is he?"

"He's an efficiency expert, he told me."

"What on earth's that?"

"The sort of man who doesn't enjoy a sea voyage because all the salt is going to waste."

Six-year-old Margaret often played with Nellie, a neighbor's little girl. One rainy day the two were just starting across the clean kitchen floor at Margaret's home when the latter's mother, seeing their muddy shoes, headed them off and sent them out to play on the porch. After a moment Nellie remarked:

"My mother don't care how much I run over the kitchen floor."

There was quite a long interval of silence, then Margaret said:

"I wish I had a nice, dirty mother like you've got, Nellie."

The doctor applied his stethoscope to the young man's heart.

"Does angina pectoris trouble you at all?" he asked.

"No," said the young man. "But Dolly Green does, a lot."

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